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Exciting tales of the  
unfettered cowboy spirit

32

# Bill Boyd

## WESTERN

A People's Publication

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1955

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and  
THE WAGON TRAIN MASSACRE!

# BILL BOYD WESTERN

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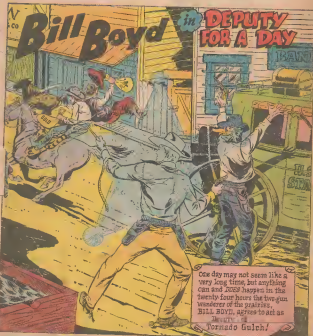
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One day may not seem like a  
very long time, but anything  
can and DOES happen in the  
twenty-four hours the two-gun  
wanderer of the prairies,  
**BILL BOYD**, agrees to act as  
Deputy of  
**Tornado Gulch!**

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After Sharkey describes  
the two innocent men —

THERE MIGHT BE SOME TRUTH IN  
WHAT YOU SAID, SHARKEY! THOSE COWBOYS  
YOU DESCRIBED SOUND LIKE THE TWO I PASSED  
ON MY WAY OVER HERE! I'M GOING TO SEE  
IF I CAN FIND THEM! IN THE MEANTIME, I'M  
JUST GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU CAN'T  
LEAVE HERE UNTIL I GET BACK!



Sharkey replies —

I THINK YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT  
TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
SEARCHING US FOR,  
DEPUTY!

FOR ONE THOUSAND  
DOLLARS WORTH OF  
GOLD DUST WHICH  
SHARKEY CLAIMS HE  
GAVE YOU FOR A  
DIAMOND RING  
YOU SOLD HIM!



WE NEVER  
SOLD HIM  
ANYTHING!  
ALL WE DID  
WAS SAY  
HELLO!

WELL, ONE THING'S SURP —  
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY GOLD  
DUST ON YOU! NEVERTHELESS,  
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HOLD  
YOU TWO UNTIL THIS CASE  
IS CLEARED UP!



At the jailhouse —

I TELL  
YOU WERE  
INNOCENT!

IN THAT CASE, YOU  
HAVE NOTHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT! I'M  
GOING TO GET SHARKEY  
AND MAKE HIM TELL  
THE TRUTH WHEN  
HE SEES YOU  
TWO!



Meanwhile, at  
the shack —

IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T FREE  
MYSELF! BUT IF THE DEPUTY FINDS  
WE HAD AFTER QUESTIONING JACK  
AND GIFF, I'M A CAGED BIRD!  
I'VE GOT TO THINK  
FAST!



I RECKON  
I GOT IT!



When Bill Boyd  
returns —

I FOUND THOSE  
TWO COWBOYS YOU  
TOLD ME ABOUT, BUT  
THEIR STORY DOESN'T  
JIBE WITH MINE! I'M  
TAKING YOU DOWN TO  
THE JAILHOUSE SO  
YOU CAN TELL IT  
TO THEM!

THAT'S  
CHAY  
WITH ME,  
DEPUTY!



As Bill approaches to unlock Sharkey —

HEY!

IT WORKED! HE'S FALLING THROUGH THE HOLE I KICKED IN THE FLOOR! THE RUG COVERED IT NICKELY!

BOF!

SMASH!

THAT SHOULD KNOCK HIM OUT!

NOW I WANT TO PULL HIM CLOSE ENOUGH, WITH MY FEET, SO I CAN GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS FOR THE KEY TO THIS HANDCUFF!

Seconds later —

I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE BACK THIS DIAMOND, TOO!

I SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE! BUT NO MATTER WHERE I WENT, WITH THIS CRITTER ALIVE, HE'D BE AFTER ME!

I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA! BUT FIRST I'D BETTER TIE AND GAS HIM!

PIOP!

When Sharkey finishes that job —

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CLOSE UP THE CRATE AND SHIP IT TO SOME FINE PERSON FAR AWAY FROM HERE!

# BILL BOYD WESTERN







Shortly after ---





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# QUIZ

- ① IN THE NAVY E.S.T. STANDS FOR EASTERN STANDARD TIME.  
TRUE.  
FALSE...



- ④ MOST COUNTERFEIT COINS CAN BE EASILY CUT WITH A KNIFE.  
TRUE.  
FALSE...



- ⑧ THE PORTULACA IS ONE OF THE TEN MOST POPULAR FLOWERS IN THE U.S.  
TRUE.  
FALSE...



- ⑤ THE UNITED STATES SENATE APPROVED THE TREATY FOR THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA ON APRIL 30, 1867.  
TRUE.  
FALSE...



- ③ A FETTER AND A GENTIAN ARE THE SAME.  
TRUE.  
FALSE...

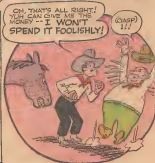
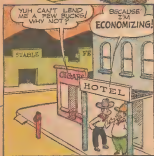
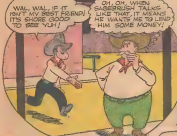


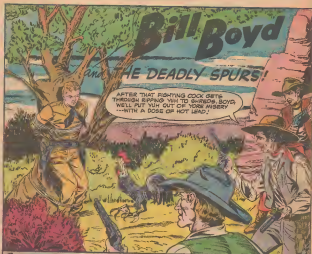
## ANSWERS:

① TRUE ② TRUE ③ FALSE ④ FALSE ⑤ TRUE ⑥ TRUE ⑦ TRUE ⑧ TRUE ⑨ TRUE ⑩ TRUE ⑪ TRUE ⑫ TRUE ⑬ TRUE ⑭ TRUE ⑮ TRUE ⑯ TRUE ⑰ TRUE ⑱ TRUE ⑲ TRUE ⑳ TRUE ㉑ TRUE ㉒ TRUE ㉓ TRUE ㉔ TRUE ㉕ TRUE ㉖ TRUE ㉗ TRUE ㉘ TRUE ㉙ TRUE ㉚ TRUE ㉛ TRUE ㉜ TRUE ㉝ TRUE ㉞ TRUE ㉟ TRUE ㊱ TRUE ㊲ TRUE ㊳ TRUE ㊴ TRUE ㊵ TRUE ㊶ TRUE ㊷ TRUE ㊸ TRUE ㊹ TRUE ㊺ TRUE ㊻ TRUE ㊼ TRUE ㊽ TRUE ㊾ TRUE ㊿ TRUE



'A WISE SPENDER'

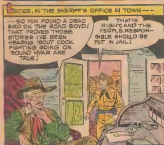




Cock fighting is a cruel, vicious pastime and when Bill Boyd, the roving cowboy, tries to stop it, he runs across a gang of cruel, vicious killers who have one aim---his death!











THE TWO DESPERADOES TAKE TYLER TO THE HILLS ---

SO YUHVE COME TO, EH, TYLER? GOOD! JUST IN TIME TO SEE US KILL YUH!

(GASP) NO, NO! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

I'LL N-NEVER SAY A WORD ABOUT N-W-HET I KNOW! I G-GIVE YUH MY WORD! I PROMISE!

YORE YASTING YORE BREATH!



HELP!  
HELP!

YUH CAN YELL ALL YUH WANT! THERE'S NOBODY AROUND! BUT BEFORE WE KILL YUH, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN AND KNOCK THE TAR OUT OF YUH!



BUT THE CROOKS ARE WRONG! SOMEBODY IS AROUND --- BILL BOYD!

HELP!  
AIEEE!

I'VE RIDDEN ALL OVER TOWN AND I CAN'T FIND ANY SIGNS OF COCK FIGHTING! MAYBE I CAN SPOT SOMETHING UP HERE IN THE HILLS--- WHAT? THAT SOMEONE'S SCREAMING FOR HELP! COME ON, MONITE, LET'S GET GOING!



(GROAN)  
AIEEE!

THOSE CROOKS ARE BEATING THAT POOR MAN TO DEATH!



STOP!

HOW COULD IT'S BILL BOYD!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE SEES WHO WE ARE!

UGH!  
THUD!



RIGHT, BUT BEFORE WE BEAT IT, I'M GOING TO FINISH TYLER OFF!

(GASP) THAT OUTLAW IS ABOUT TO SHOOT THAT FELLOW!





(GUF) HE SHOT THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND!

WE CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME! LET'S BEAT IT, PRONTO!



(GROAN)

THOSE CROOKS ARE BRONX OFF, BUT I CAN'T CHASE THEM! I'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER THAT POOR MAN!



(SIGHING)

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! TO BETTER GET HIM TO A DOCTOR AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!



AFTER THE DOCTOR TREATS TYLER, BILL BOYD WALKS TO TYLER'S RANCH WITH THE BATTERED MAN, AND...

THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, TYLER, WITH A FEW WEEKS REST!

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, BOYD! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YUH, I'D BE DEAD NOW!



THOSE TWO COUNTRY BUNS TRED TO KILL YOU! TELL ME WHO THEY ARE SO I CAN GET THE SHERIFF AND GO AFTER THEM!

I CAN'T TELL BOYD ON THE SHERIFF WHO THEY ARE BECAUSE THEY'LL FIND OUT I WAS COOK FIGHTING AND WILL PUT ME IN JAIL BECAUSE IT'S ILLEGAL!



SEE, IT'S A PERSONAL AFFAIR, BOYD! I'LL SETTLE WITH THOSE HOMBERS MYSELF AT A LATER DATE!

ALL RIGHT, TYLER, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, I'LL BE MOVING ALONG THEN!



IT'S GETTING LATE! RIGHT NOW I'LL GO FIND A SOFT SPOT ON THE PRAIRIE AND GET SOME SLEEP. TOMORROW I CAN GO LOOKING FOR THOSE COOK FIGHTERS AGAIN!



HERE'S AN OPEN WINDOW!  
I'LL JUMP INSIDE! I THINK I  
KNOW HOW I CAN CATCH  
THIM IN THE ACT WITHOUT  
ENDANGERING TYLER  
AT ALL!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER---

THAT'S TYLER--  
SLEEPING ON  
THE COUCH!



GOOD! THAT  
SAVES US  
TIME!

I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHAT  
THIS IS ALL ABOUT! I'M  
GOING TO RIDE MY TIME  
TILL I DO!



SO YUH FOUND OUT WE'RE FITTING PRISON ON  
THE SPURS OF OUR FIGHTING COCKS, TYLER? WELL,  
YUH'LL NEVER MAKE UP TO TELL ANYBODY 'BOUT IT!  
WE'RE GONNA FINISH YUH OFF RIGHT NOW!



SO THAT'S IT! THIS  
GANG HAS BEEN RUNNING  
THE COCK FIGHTS AND  
CHEATING THE FOLKS  
AROUND HERE!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



AWW! (GULP) IT'S  
NOT TYLER! IT'S  
BOYD!

(GULP)  
HE SHOT THE  
GUNS OUT OF  
OUR HANDS!

PUT YOUR HANDS UP AND  
START WALKING! YOU'RE  
GONNA TO JAIL! AND PA  
WARNING YOU----ONE  
FALLER MORE AND I'LL  
BE YOUR LAST!

YEH GOT US, BOYD!  
WE KNOW WHEN  
WE'RE LICKED!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING---

THANKS TO YUH, BOYD, THOSE CROOKED GAM-  
BLERS ARE BEHIND BARS AND AFTER EVERY-  
BODY INVOLVED, INCLUDING TYLER, PAID HIS  
HEAVY FINE, THEY PROMISED TO STOP COCK  
FIGHTING!

GOOD! THEN  
THERE'S NO  
REASON FOR  
ME TO STAY  
HERE! LET'S  
HIT THE HIGH  
ROAD, WIDNITE,  
FOR MORE  
ADVENTURES!





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YOUR  
SHOCKPROOF

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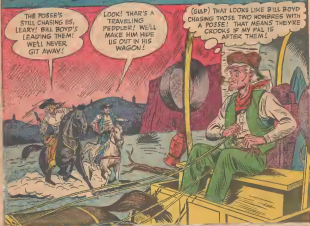
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# Bill Boyd in THE PRAIRIE HOSTAGE!

(A Crowbait Story)

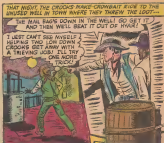












# BRAINY BUSTER

"STRAINED  
RELATIONS"

HEY, BRAINY BUSTER! HEY,  
BRAINY BUSTER!

I'VE GOT  
TO PUT A  
STOP TO THIS  
RIGHT NOW!

OSWALD, I WANT YOU TO  
STOP SCREAMING  
MY NAME  
LIKE THAT!

AW, WHY,  
UNCLE  
BUSTER?

ER, BECAUSE IT'S VERY BAD FOR  
YOU TO YELL THROUGH A  
SCREEN DOOR!

HUH? IT'S  
BAD FOR ME  
TO YELL THROUGH  
A SCREEN DOOR?  
WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE STRAINING YOUR  
VOICE!

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10¢ ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

GEE, TOMMY, WHAT A NEAT SKATING SWEATER!

I WHITTED IT MYSELF FOR THIS CONTEST.

SKATING CONTEST THREATS

I NEVER SAW A SPIN LIKE IT!

TOMMY WINS THE CONTEST!

HERE, TOMMY, ANOTHER PRIZE! PER WANTS TO SQUASH HIMSELF.

PER, YOU DID ME A DEARIE FAVOR. TO SQUASH MY SHIRT FOR THE MEDAL, AND SQUASH WOP!

BUBBLE BUBBLE GUM ANY DAY!

1¢

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P.O. BOX 1000, ST. LOUIS, MO.

# WILBUR the WAITER

TEA HEE!

AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR DESSERT?

A CUP OF TEA, PLEASE!

SOON AFTER.....

HERE'S YOUR TEA!

OH, DON'T TAKE IT BACK! I DON'T WANT IT!

HUH? WHY NOT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?

I LIKE BREWED TEA, NOT THIS KIND WITH TEA BAGS! IT'S DANGEROUS!

HUH? TEA MADE WITH TEA BAGS IS DANGEROUS?

THAT'S RIGHT! EVERYTIME I DRINK IT...

...THE TEA BAGS GET STUCK IN MY THROAT!

POPP!





# STRIPLING'S LUCK

By Richard Kraus



**I**T WAS late on a fall evening when young Jim Partlow returned to Boulder Springs. He was seen searching through the saloons and stores of the Colorado mining town, looking for all the world like his brother Jed—tall, lean, with heavy eyebrows, and a curious, swinging walk. As he went, he asked the same question everywhere. "Have you seen Clegg Baker?"

Always the answer was the same. Bartenders and store clerks looked the boy up and down, leaned forward and said softly, "Forget it, Jim. Stay out of Boulder Springs. You won't get anywhere."

But each time Jim Partlow hunched up the Colt that sagged from his waist in a worn holster, and walked away with a swinging gait. "Have you seen Clegg Baker? I'm coming to talk to him . . ."

Finally he found Clegg Baker. The punchy mine owner was coming out of a saloon on the main street, followed by his tight-lipped gunsel, Catamount Paley. When he saw Jim Partlow, Baker stopped short. Then, walking carefully, he went up to the stripling, his face expressionless.

"I see you came back to town," he said. "I told you there wasn't any point to it, Partlow. You haven't got any call to keep bothering me."

Jim Partlow's heavy brows drew down, and his slender body seemed to curve forward. He had ridden a long way since he had gotten that letter three weeks before—and he had been tired. But he was not tired any more.

"I don't aim to bother you, Baker," he said. "I just want the truth. I want to know how my brother was killed!"

"All right!" Clegg Baker cut the air with a savage swipe of his stubby right hand. "I'll tell you again—for the last time! He gambled away all his holdings in the mine—lost it all. Then, late one night, he snaked down the shaft. It was dark, and he stumbled into Dead-fall Shaft! There was a cave-in and he was killed! We found his body the next day! That's all!"

Jim Partlow hunched his shoulders.

"I don't believe it," he whispered. "Jed was too smart and too careful! You're lying, Baker!"

Before he could go on, Clegg Baker grunted angrily. "That's enough! Hit him, Catamount! Hit him hard!"

As a cluster of men outside the saloon watched, the broad-shouldered, tight-lipped Catamount Paley lunged forward. Shaking deceptively, he slammed a hard right hook against Jim Partlow's jaw. The boy sank to the rutted street. Dumbly he tried to rise, and Paley hit him again, flush on the mouth. The mine owner and his bodyguard turned and walked away. As they went, young Partlow watched them from where he lay sprawled. His hand was across his blood-smeared mouth, and beneath his fingers, his lips moved in a silent vow . . .

That night Jim Partlow went down in the mine that his brother had owned jointly with Clegg Baker—and that now, since his brother's death, belonged solely to Baker. He went down secretly and quietly, holding a kerosene lantern that was shaded by his Levi jacket.

When he got down on the first level of the silver mine, he took out the lantern and, holding it high, began to move toward the Dead-fall Shaft . . .

The next morning he came back to town.

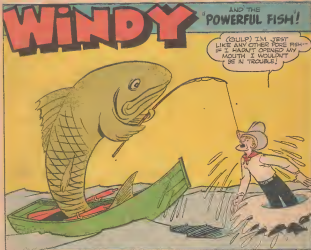
He spoke for a short while to Sheriff Denver Bailey, in the old lawman's office. Then, coming across the board sidewalk on his long legs, he straddled his paint horse and rode away. As he rode, he lifted his worn Stetson, and waved back at the watching sheriff. "So long, Denver," he said. "Be seeing you!"

He cut over the mountain and back down to Baker's silver mine. Going directly to the mine office, he rapped sharply on the door.

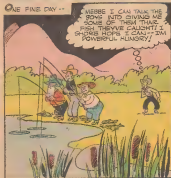
Clegg Baker himself opened the door. When he saw the boy, his heavy face twisted angrily. "You again!" he grunted. "I thought you learned your lesson yesterday from Catamount! Get out!"

"No!" Jim Partlow thrust his way past the

(Continued in back of book)



ONE FINE DAY --



I'M THE WORST FISHERMAN IN THE WORLD, BUT WHEN I GET THROUGH TALKING, THOSE HOMBRES WILL THINK I'M THE GREATEST!



HOWDY, FELLERS! (HOW ABOUT GIVING ME SOME OF THEM FISH?)

WHAT FER? WHY DON'T YUH CATCH SOME FER YORSELF?



SHUCKS, I COULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH FISHING IN A LITTLE OLD LAKE! THAT'S TOO TAME FER ME!

TOO TAME, FER YUH! WHY, WHARD YUH EVER GO FISHING THAT WAS ROUGHER?

WHAR? IN THE OCEAN, OF COURSE! DEEP SEA FISHING. THAT'S MY DISH!

YUH MEAN LYING IS YORE DISH!

IS THAT SO? FER YORE INFORMATION, I'M ONE OF THE GREATEST DEEP SEA FISHERMEN IN THE WORLD!

FER YORE INFORMATION, YORE ONE OF THE GREATEST BULL THROVERS IN THE WORLD!



YUH MEAN TO SAY YUH CRITTERS NEVER HEARD 'BOUT THAT GREAT BIG POWERFUL FISH I CAUGHT IN THE GULF?

NO, AND NEITHER DID YUH!

TEK, TEK, I'M SORRY FER YUH HORN RAINNIES IF YUH DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THAT FISH I CAUGHT! IT WAS THE STRONGEST FISH IN THE WORLD!

WHAT DO YUH MEAN IT WAS THE STRONGEST FISH IN THE WORLD?



I'M GLAD YUH ASKED ME THAT! IT TOOK ME FIVE HOURS OF ALL-OUT STRUGGLING TO PULL THAT FISH IN! AFTER I GOT HIM ON THE LINE! YUH NEVER SAW A FISH PUT UP A STIFFER FIGHT!



WELL, AFTER I PULLED HIM ON MY LAUNCH I ADMIRER HIM SO MUCH FOR HIS STRENGTH, I DECIDED TO THROW HIM BACK INTO THE OCEAN!

WHAT! YUH THREW HIM BACK!



YUP! BUT THAT FISH ADMIRER ME SO MUCH FOR MY STRENGTH, HE KEPT CLIMBING BACK ON MY BOAT!

(GASP) THE FISH KEPT CLIMBING BACK!



THAT'S RIGHT! WELL, I WISHT GONNA TO LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY, SO I FIGGERED OUT A GOOD WAY TO GET RID OF HIM!

YUH DID! HOW?



I TIED HIM TO THE ANCHOR AND LOWERED IT! I FIGURED THAT WAS THE END OF HIM! BUT A FEW MINUTES AFTER I TIED HIM TO THE ANCHOR AND LOWERED IT, I SAW SOMETHING THAT ALMOST KNOCKED ME OFF MY FEET!

WHAT?



IT WAS THAT BURNED FISH CLIMBING BACK ON THE BOAT, CARRYING THE ANCHOR ON HIS BACK!

GASP!



YES, SURE, THAT'S NOW STRONG THAT FISH WAS. HE CARRIED THE ANCHOR ON HIS BACK!

G'WAH, YUH DONT EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT, DO YUH?

YORE IMAGINATION IS STRONGER THAN THAT FISH EVER WAS!

YUH DONT HAVE TO BELIEVE ME IF YUH DONT WANT TO, BUT THAT FISH WAS NOT ONLY STRONG, HE WAS BRILLIANT!

WHAT! HE WAS BRILLIANT?



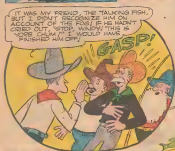


STOP IT, WINDY!  
STOP! NOW  
YORE GOING  
TOO FAR!

THAT'S  
RIGHT! WINDY  
EVER HEARD  
OF A  
TALKING  
FISH!



OH, YEAH!  
HOW WAS  
THAT?



**GASP!**



I ASKED HIM SOME-  
THING ONE DAY  
AND HE GOT ANGRY  
AND I NEVER SAW  
HIM AGAIN!



I ASKED  
HIM TO LEND  
ME A  
**FIN!**



HA HA, I KNEW TO GET  
THEM SO DISGUSTED. THEY'D  
GIVE ME THE FISH TO GET  
RID OF ME! HA! HA!



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# QUIZ

1. PAUL REVERE'S  
MEMORABLE RIDE  
TOOK PLACE ON  
APRIL 18, 1775.

☐ True ☐ False



2. SIR ISAAC NEW-  
TON WAS BORN  
IN WOOLSTHORPE,  
LINCOLNSHIRE, ENG-  
LAND IN 1642.

☐ True ☐ False

3. ON A SHIP THE  
LEEWARD SIDE IS  
THE SIDE THAT  
IS SHELTERED  
FROM THE WIND.

☐ True ☐ False



LET'S TEST OUR SKILL. GIVE  
YOURSELF 5 CORRECT-  
EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT-VERY GOOD,  
3 CORRECT-GOOD, 2 CORRECT-FAIR,  
1 CORRECT-POOR.

4. THE RED  
POPPY IS ONE  
OF THE TEN MOST  
POPULAR FLOWERS  
IN THE U.S.

☐ True ☐ False



5. THE LIBRARY  
OF CONGRESS  
WAS FOUNDED  
IN 1800.

☐ True ☐ False



DOES "ENTER" S  
"STRIKE" H  
"STRIKE" E  
"STRIKE" C  
"STRIKE" T

ANSWERS

older man, past Catamount Paley, and into the mine office. There he turned to face them.

"Listen!" he said. "When I came to town, I just had a vague suspicion that there was something wrong with the way my brother died. I thought there was something phony about his having lost his share in the mine by gambling—just before his death—so the whole thing belonged to you. I was just a little suspicious, and when you put this human coyote," his thumb indicated Catamount Paley, "to work on me, I got more suspicious."

The boy leaned forward a little. His jaw was blue-black with the bruises of the day before.

"I figured I had to find out something," he went on. "So I went down in the mine shaft last night. I went into the Deadfall Shaft, where you say Jed was killed by a cave-in! There I found a message, written real rough, on the shaft wall—cut in with an old shovel handle! It was a message that Jed wrote . . . and I remember the way he formed his letters. He wrote, 'Baker and Paley slugged me . . . left me here . . . tied-up. Rigged cave-in . . .'"

Clegg Baker and Catamount Paley stood next to each other, their faces intent and white.

"Go on, Partlow," the mine owner hissed. "Then I figured out what really happened," Jim Partlow said. "You wanted to get Jed out of the way, so you'd have the whole mine for yourself. So you and Paley slugged him one night when you were in the mine. You left him there—with a rigged cave-in that would fall in a few minutes, as soon as you got out. But Jed must have come to! He was too weak to crawl out, but not too weak to write this message on the mine wall—before the rocks fell . . ."

Jim Partlow stopped for a moment.

"Too bad you never took a good look at the shaft wall," he said. "Too bad you never saw Jed's last message."

"Yeh!" Clegg Baker agreed. "Too bad!" He nodded his head in sharp, quick jerks. "Too bad you didn't get to tell anyone else about it before you came here. Go get him, Catamount! I see we got to take care of him—

just like we did his brother!"

Catamount Paley was a killer and he was a good one. With knife or rope, or with his six-gun, he did an efficient job! But he underestimated young Jim Partlow. The stripling had been expecting trouble all along, and when he heard Baker's words . . . he did two things! He flung himself sideways, and he went for his Colt!

Paley was faster on the draw, and he shot first!

But his streaking bullets missed the diving youth! And, in the next moment, Jim Partlow's Colt roared. The lead pounded into Paley's shoulder. Clutching a desk with palsied hands, the gunman slumped to the floor!

Through the eddying smoke, Jim Partlow could see Clegg Baker lunging for the door. He flicked his revolver toward him, covered his broad back with the gunsight.

"Don't do it," he said coldly.

The mine owner stopped and his hands went up.

"All right," said the youth. "Come on in, Sheriff. I reckon you heard enough!"

SHERIFF DENVER BAILEY stepped in the doorway, shaking his head when he saw Catamount lying on the floor. "Still breathing, I see! I reckon I'll have to hang them both! You sure got the evidence on them, boy! When you told them how you saw that message on the wall, Baker knew it was no use! I'll testify to his admitting the crime, when it comes to a jury trial!"

"Good!" said Jim Partlow, thrusting his Colt back in its holster. "Because there never was any message on the mine wall!"

"No message?" The sheriff's eyes bagged out. "You mean it was just a bluff—a scheme to get Baker to confess?"

"That's right," said the youth. "My brother never even learned to write. He couldn't have written the message. If Clegg Baker wasn't so scared and panicky, he'd have remembered that! But I took a chance . . . and I reckon luck was with me!"

THE END

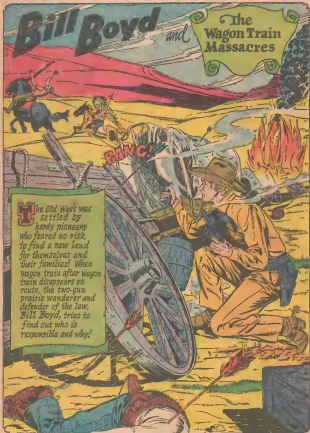
# Bill Boyd

and

## The Wagon Train Massacres

BANG!

**T**he Old West was settled by hardy pioneers who feared no risk to find a new land for themselves and their families! When wagon train after wagon train disappears en route, the two-gun prairie wanderer and defender of the law, Bill Boyd, tries to find out who is responsible and why!







**ANYWAY, AT THE NOT TOO DISTANT RESERVATION OF THE CROWFEET TRIBE...**

THANKS FOR INVITING ME TO EAT WITH YOU! I ENJOYED MY STAY IMMENSELY, CHIEF BIG BEAVER! NOW, I'VE GOT TO MOVE ON TO THE LAST OUTPOST!

IT WAS A PLEASURE BREAKING BREAD WITH GREAT FRIENDS! WE WISH YOU A SAFE JOURNEY, BILL BOYD!

ON MY WAY OUT HERE, I PASSED SEVERAL WAGON TRAINS AND YET, I HAVEN'T NOTICED ONE COMING THROUGH IN THE MANY DAYS I'VE SPENT IN THE WOODS! AND I WON'T FEEL EASY UNTIL I FIND OUT WHY!

AS THE WAGON HEADED TOWARD SLACK, WIPED BACK TO THE LAST OUTPOST --

NO WONDER THE WAGON TRAINS DIDN'T COME THROUGH! THEY WERE WIPED OUT!

NOT ONLY WIPED OUT BUT COMPLETELY CLEARED OUT/TOO! WHEN THE OTHER WAGON TRAINS HEARD ABOUT THIS, THEY PROBABLY ALL STAYED AT THE LAST OUTPOST!

**BUT A LITTLE FURTHER ON --**

I WAS WRONG! THE WAGON TRAINS DIDN'T STOP AT THE LAST OUTPOST! BUT THIS ONE MET THE SAME HORRIBLE FATE AS THE OTHER!

COMPLETELY LOST, TOO! I'D BETTER RIDE ON AND WARN THE OTHER WAGON TRAINS LEAVING THE LAST OUTPOST AND HEADING THIS WAY!

**WHEN BILL BOYD ARRIVES AT THE LAST OUTPOST --**

---AND WHEN I WENT CHASING AFTER THAT STRAY STEER, I CAME ACROSS THE MARRAIDED PIONEERS! I TELL YUH THE INJUNS MUST BE ON THE WARPATH AGAIN!

IN THAT CASE, I SUGGEST WE ROUND UP EVERY ABLE BODIED MAN IN THE LAST OUTPOST AND ATTACK THE CROWFEET BEFORE THEY ATTACK US!





WHY RISK THE LIVES OF YOUR BRAVES, CHIEF? IF YOU'LL ROUND UP YOUR TRIBE, I CAN LEAD YOU TO A HIDING PLACE I DISCOVERED IN THE WOODS UNTIL THE TROUBLE BLOWS OVER!



PLEASE, CHIEF BIG BEAVER, LISTEN TO BILL BOYD! HE REAL FRIEND!

ALL RIGHT! WILL GET REST OF TRIBE TOGETHER!



SHORTLY AFTER ---

THIS WILL BE ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE! AS SOON AS THE CITIZENS OF THE LAST OUTPOST CALM DOWN, I'LL TALK SOME SENSE INTO THEIR HEADS AND GET THEM TO SEARCH FOR THE REAL CULPRITS!



WHEN THE POSSE REACHES THE CROWFEET RESERVATION---

THEY'RE GONE! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT GO BACK TO THE LAST OUTPOST, BUT WE'VE GOT TO REMAIN ON GUARD!



LATER ---

WE PAID YUH YORE PRICES BECAUSE WE HAD NO CHOICE, BUT AS SOON AS WE SET UP OUR OWN TOWN, WE'LL WRITE BACK HOME AND MAKE SURE NO ONE ELSE HEADING THIS WAY STOPS AT YORE PLACE!



THEY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THEIR WORTHY DAYS WILL SOON BE OVER!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

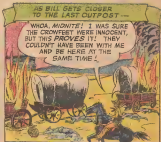
MEANWHILE --

THIS WON'T BE FOR LONG, CHIEF BIG BEAVER! I PROMISE YOU THAT! NOW, LET'S GO, MIDWITE!



AS BILL GETS CLOSER TO THE LAST OUTPOST --

WHOA, MIDWITE! I WAS SURE THE CROWFEET WERE INNOCENT, BUT THIS PROVES IT! THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WITH ME AND BE HERE AT THE SAME TIME!



BUT ACCORDING TO THE PEOPLE IN THE LAST OUTPOST, THERE AREN'T ANY OTHER INDIANS AROUND -- UNLESS THIS IS THE WORK OF A BAND OF KINEGADES!



WHAT'S THAT?

OWH!



HAVE MERCY! DON'T KILL US!

KILL YOU? I WANT TO HELP YOU!



THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE HORNEDS WHO ATTACKED OUR WAGON TRAIN!

YOU MEAN, IT WASN'T INDIANS WHO WIPED OUT YOUR BAND OF PIONEERS?



NO! THEY USED ARROWS BUT THEY WERE WHITE MEN!

THEY HUNTED EVERYWHERE BEFORE THEY LEFT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WAS LEFT ALIVE! IT'S ONLY A MIRACLE THAT THEY DIDN'T FIND US!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO NOW! WE SPENT ALL OUR MONEY FOR SUPPLIES IN THE GENERAL STORE AT THE LAST OUTPOST AND EVERYTHING WAS STOLEN!

DON'T WORRY! WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME HAS THROWN A GREAT DEAL OF LIGHT ON A RAZZY PICTURE!



I HAVE A FEELING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO SOME FRIENDS OF MINE WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR WOUNDS!



LATER, AT THE INDIAN HIDE-OUT —

—OF COURSE WE'LL DO IT, BILL! IT'S A CHANCE TO CLEAR OUR HONOR!

ONLY A CHANCE, CHIEF! DON'T FORGET THIS IS ALL A MUNCH!



HIT THE ROAD, MIDNITE! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE LAST OUTPOST!



LATER, AT THE GENERAL STORE

WELL, DID YOU CATCH THE CROWFOOT?

NO! AND I THINK THE REASON WE DIDN'T IS BECAUSE YUM WARNED THEM WE WERE COMING!



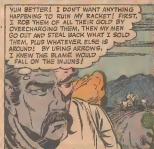
WHAT YOU THINK DOESN'T WORRY ME! WE'LL SOON KNOW WHO REALLY COMMITTED THOSE MASSACRES! LET'S HAVE SOME BANDAGES!

WHAT DO YUM MEAN?



ANOTHER WAGON TRAIN WAS JUST ATTACKED, BUT THE KILLERS BUNGLED THE JOB!











—AND NOW I'M GOING TO HAND YOU OVER TO THE NEAREST MARSHAL AS THE LEADER OF A BAND OF MURDERERS!



GET YOUR HAND OFF ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

IF YOU WON'T COME PEACEFULLY—



—THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU BY FORCE!



YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

OH, NOT



HERE'S ALL THE PROOF WE NEED! YOUR GANG HAS BEEN CAUGHT AND THEY'VE CONFESSED ALL! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF COMPANY IN JAIL!



BILL BOYD HELP US PROVE WE NO GUNTY! OUR HONOR SAVED WITHOUT LOSS OF BLOOD! HE REAL FRIEND OF INDIANS!

WAD OF PIONEERS, TOO! FROM NOW ON, THEY CAN TRAVEL FAST LAST OUTPOST WITHOUT FEAR!

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS, BUT I'M A FRIEND OF EVERYONE WHO BELIEVES IN JUSTICE! NOW LET'S TURN THESE OUTLAWS OVER TO THE LAW!

Follow the thrilling adventures of BILL BOYD every month in his own magazine, BILL BOYD WESTERN!